

AT THE SEASIDE



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AT THE SEASIDE.



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CHICAGO.



CATCHING SHRIMPS.

“WHAT is a shrimp, mother?” asked John, looking up from the letter he was reading. “Cousin Martha writes from London, that they had shrimp-sauce at dinner.”

“A shrimp, Johnny, is a little, long-tailed dec’apod crustacean.”

“Oh, stop there, mother! What am I to understand by those hard words?”

“*Decapod*, Johnny, is from the Greek *dek’a*, ten, and *pous*, *pod’os*, a foot; and a decapod is a crusta’cean with ten feet or legs, like the crab, lobster, and other shell-fish.”

“Yes; but what is a *crustacean*, mother?”

“It is an animal belonging to the class *crustacea*.”

CATCHING SHRIMP.

"I *do* believe you are trying to tease me, mother. Please tell me what *crustacea* means?"

"Do you know what *crust* means, Johnny?"

"Of course I do; for I am fond of the crust of bread."

"Well, Johnny, our common word *crust* comes from the Latin *crusta*, meaning the hard surface of a body, the rind, or shell; so that *crustacea* is the name for a class of animals having a crust-like shell."

"Now I begin to see daylight, mother."

"Here is a picture of a shrimp (it gives its size), and another of a man catching shrimps. This he does with a sort of bag-like net fixed at the end of a pole."

"Do we have shrimps in America?"

"Yes: there are various kinds. Some are used as bait for river-bass and other fish; some are good to eat: but we rarely use them for food in this country. On the coast of New Jersey they catch a shrimp that is edible."

"O mother! there's another hard word. What do you mean by *edible*?"

"I mean fit to be eaten as food."

"But why didn't you say *eatable*, mother?"

"It is sometimes useful, Johnny, to have two words that mean the same thing. *Edible* is a form that comes from the Latin. Many of the words that children use come from the Latin. I meant to teach you that there *is* such a word; and so I used it. Now run out and play."

"Before I go, mother, please give me something *edible*, — a peach, for instance, — that I may fix the word in my memory. Oh, thank you!"

JOHNNY'S MOTHER.





GATHERING APPLES.

GATHERING APPLES.



ELLA had been out all the afternoon helping the men, boys, and girls gather apples.

"Throw me down some good large ones," said Bella to her cousin Charles, who was on a ladder plucking apples from the tree. But Charles said, "I must put these large ones in my basket here. It will bruise them if I let them drop. You will find some under the next tree that you can pick up."

So Bella picked up the apples by the apron-full, and put them in the barrel.

When she went into the house, she asked her Aunt Mary many questions about apples.

Bella. — Do apples grow wild, Aunt Mary?

Aunt. — There are two or three kinds of wild crab-apples native to America; but none of our cultivated kinds have been raised from these.

Bella. — Then, where do our cultivated apples come from?

Aunt. — From the seeds of apples that were brought by the colonists from Europe.

Bella. — Does the apple grow better in Europe than here?

Aunt. — Oh, no! In our Northern and Middle States it grows better than in any part of the world.

Bella. — What is the name of the apple I have in my hand?

Aunt. — That is a Gravenstein, so called because it originated in a town of that name in Germany. It is a very fine apple.

Bella. — Have we any as good, that were born in America?

Aunt. — You mean, have we any native varieties that are as good as the European? Yes: the Newtown pippin

RUTH.

is admitted to be one of the finest apples in the world ; and it was "born," as you call it, in America.

Bella. — Was the Baldwin apple born here ?

Aunt. — Yes : it is a native of Massachusetts, and one of the best of the red winter apples.

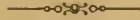
Bella. — What sort of apples do they use for making cider ?

Aunt. — Almost all apples, except sweet apples. Russets are very good for that purpose ; and so are the little crab-apples.

Bella. — I like sweet apples when they are baked.

Aunt. — So do I, Bella. We ought to have some on the tea-table. Hark ! there is the tea-bell. Let us go and get some sweet apples and cream.

IDA FAY.



RUTH.

RUTH is a good and bright child, about five years old. In the morning, as soon as her eyes are open, you can hear her little song ; and, when up and dressed, she moves about like a sunbeam in her country home.

She is her father's pet, and very dear to her grandfather. She brings his slippers, and sits upon his knee, and amuses him with her talk about the horse or the cows, or the chickens, or something else that she has noticed on the farm.

She is a very observant child, and likes to learn the use of every thing that she sees. In the picture you may see her standing by the well, studying the mechanism of the chain and bucket. Though she is not strong enough to draw water, I warrant she can tell exactly how to do it.

But what I want to tell you about is a duck that be-

RUTH.



longed to Ruth. Her father brought home one day a pair of Muscovy ducks, — quite large, with feathers of beautiful colors. After a while, this pair of ducks had a little one; but, instead of taking care of him like good parents, they treated him very badly. The old drake would drive him away, so that he could get no food.

Ruth took the little duck under her protection. She petted him till he was very fond of her. When she called, "Duckey, duckey," he would come to her as fast as he could. She would place one hand under his breast, while she fed him with the other; and he would stay in her hand for some time, as if pleased to be treated so kindly.

A barrel near the door served as a house for him during the night; and every morning Ruth would give him his breakfast as soon as she had got her own. And so the little duck was taken care of by Ruth until he was old enough to take care of himself.

J. S.



KISS ME QUICK.

Kiss me quick, my baby boy, —
Mother's darling, mother's joy!
Beat the little drum no more;
Let the horse lie on the floor.

Do not move a foot or hand :
Kiss me, kiss me, where you stand, —
Through the chair while I am kneeling,
And the flies look from the ceiling.

That's a noble little boy!
Mother's darling, mother's joy!
'Twas a kiss well worth the getting :
Kissing better is than fretting.

IDA FAY.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

EARLY to bed, and early to rise,
Made little Caroline healthy and wise.

Up in the morning she rose with the sun,
And did not play till her work was done.

Her happy face and her merry song
Made joy and sunshine the whole day long.

She helped her mother about the house,
And while baby slept was still as a mouse.

She studied her little books with care,
And learned the lessons set her there.

At table she knew she must not be rude,
So waited patiently for her food.

Of play she rarely had quite enough :
She loved it well, but never was rough.

Though poor herself, to the poor she gave;
For some little money she often could save.

And so she was loved by great and small,
Because she was kind and good to all.

See Caroline saying her prayer to-night ;
Heaven keep her safe till the morning light !

EMILY CARTER.



THE EVENING PRAYER.



THE TEA-PARTY.

THE dolls had a tea-party : wasn't it fun !
In ribbons and laces they came, one by one.
We girls set the table, and poured out the tea ;
And each of us held up a doll on our knee.

You never saw children behave half so well :
Why, nobody had any gossip to tell !
And (can you believe it ?) for badness, that day,
No dolly was sent from the table away.

One dolly, however, the proudest one there,
Was driven almost to the verge of despair,
Because she had met with a simple mishap,
And upset the butter-plate into her lap.

THE TEA-PARTY.

The cups and the saucers they shone lily-white :
We helped all the dollies, they looked so polite.
We had cake and jam from our own pantry-shelves :
Of course, we did most of the eating ourselves.

But housewives don't know when their cares may begin,
The window was open, and pussy popped in :
He jumped on the table ; and what do you think ?
Down fell all the crockery there, in a wink.

We picked up the pieces, with many a sigh ;
Our party broke up, and we all said good-by :
Do come to our next one ; but then we'll invite
That very bad pussy to keep out of sight.

GEORGE COOPER.





THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

[From the German.]



A ROBIN REDBREAST came one win'ter to the win'dow of a good-na'tured peas'ant, as if it would like to come in. The peas'ant o'pened the win'dow, and kind'ly took the tame little bird in'to his house. It picked up the crumbs that fell from his ta'ble; and his chil'dren loved it very much.

But when the spring came, and the bush'es were green once more, the peas'ant o'pened his win'dow, and the little guest flew a-way to the near'est wood, built his nest, and sang a joy'ful song.

When win'ter came a-gain, the little red-throat re-turned to the house of the pea'sant, and brought with him his little mate.

The peas'ant and his chil'dren were very glad when they saw the two little birds who looked about so bold'ly; and the chil'dren said, "The little birds look at us as if they want'ed to say some'thing."

The fa'ther an'swered, "If they could talk, they would say, confidence creates confidence, and love creates love."

GEORGLANA



"If love we would get, we must give it, —
Must feel it, and think it, and live it."



OH, THAT BABY!

By ANNIE MOORE

VOICE

1. Oh, that Ba-by! Oh that love of a Ba-by!
 2. Oh, that Ba-by! Such a wonder-ful Ba-by!
 3. Yes, that Ba-by! Love of a dove of a Ba by!

AND

PIANO.

Eyes so bright, lips so sweet, Dimpled hands, and dimpled feet, Oh, that
 Never cries, sleeps o' nights, Never frets and nev-er fights, Oh, that
 Cooing soft all the day, Always good, come what may, Oh, that

Ba - by!
 Ba - by!
 Ba - by!



MOTHER'S BIRD FREDDY.

WHEN mother was quite young, she had a canary-bird given her. She named him Freddy, and he grew quite fond of her.

One day she had another bird given her to take care of; and the name of this bird was Dick.

Freddy did not like Dick, and was very jealous if mother showed him much attention. One day, when mother had shown more attention to Dick than usual, Freddy was so vexed that he pecked at the wires of his own cage till he bent them so far apart that he could get out.

Then he got out, and flew over to Dick's cage, and tried to get at him. But this he could not do, and so he flew off; and, when mother heard of him, he was two miles away.

But towards evening, when mother went up to her room for something, she saw Freddy hopping about on the outside of his cage, trying to get some supper: so she let him in, and fed him.

MOTHER'S BIRD FREDDY.

The next day she went out, and bought him a new cage, so strong that he could not peck the wires apart.

Freddy used to wake up very early in the morning, and sing as soon as it was light. Mother did not like to be waked up so early: so, when she went to bed at night, she used to wrap a newspaper round his cage, and say, "Now, Freddy, I suppose you know what this is for;" and Freddy would put his head on one side, and cry, "Peep, peep!" as much as to say, "Yes; I know."

Then she would say, "Now, Freddy, I am going to put this newspaper round your cage; and, if you will keep still in the morning, I will give you some sponge-cake and orange."

So Freddy learned to keep still in the morning, and had his sponge-cake and orange. He always obeyed mother after this, and never sang if she told him not to. LEONORA.



WHY, SPOT, YOU GOOD OLD DOG, HAVE YOU COME TO HELP ME PICK FLOWERS? YOU WANT A POSY TO STICK IN YOUR COLLAR, DON'T YOU?



MORE ABOUT PARROTS.

HERE is a picture of a macaw, which is the largest of all the parrots. It is found in South America, and is known by its bare cheeks, and its long, tapering tail.

Its plumage is very brilliant. The principal species are the red, the blue, the green, and the black.

It is easily tamed, but cannot learn to talk so well as some of the smaller parrots, — such as we have had some stories about in “The Nursery.”

We have another good parrot-story, which was sent to us by a little girl in New Jersey, who signs it “Laura Yard, aged thirteen years.” We give it in her own words: —

“A friend of mine had a parrot that played a good many funny pranks. Sometimes he would go to the piano, and

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

step on the keys; and, when they sounded, he would say, 'Goodness gracious sakes!' and everybody would laugh.

"My friend had a chair which she did not allow the children to sit in. One day, a lady came to make a call; and, while waiting in the parlor, she was surprised to hear some one say, 'Get right out of that chair!'

"She looked, but could see nobody. She was just sitting down again, when the same voice said, 'Get right out of that chair!'

"Well, she did get 'out,' and took another chair; but she was scarcely seated, before she heard the same voice, 'Get right out of *that* chair!'

"She was about to leave the house, when she saw perched in his cage a parrot, and knew at once where the voice came from.

"Then she laughed, and told the story as a good joke."



A PUZZLING QUESTION.

I WILL tell you a true story of my nephew Willy, who is just old enough to read "The Nursery." He found a likeness of a man, in a book, the other day, and said, "Aunt Susan, is that a likeness of Uncle Charles, the good man who gives us 'The Nursery?'"



"Why, no, Willy!" said I: "that isn't Uncle Charles; that is Shakspeare." "But, Aunt Susan, Shakspeare isn't as great a man as Uncle Charles, is he?" — "Well, Willy, that is a hard question to answer," said I. "I doubt if Shakspeare has as many readers among little boys and girls. I can say that much."

AUNT SUSAN.



KEEPING THE BRIDGE.

HENRY.

The tollman am I: the toll you must pay;
Or over this bridge, miss, you go not to-day.

LAURA.

Now, Harry, now, brother! pray, don't make me wait;
For schooltime is near, and you'd not have me late.

HENRY.

A cent is the toll: so comply with the rule:
You need not be late by a minute at school.

LAURA.

No money have I in my purse: let me cross;
Or into the water your hat I will toss.

BLIND BILLY.

HENRY.

Five beautiful leaves — see them there by the grass —
I will take for a cent: so pay, if you'd pass.

LAURA.

The leaves I will gather: here, take, sir, your pay!

HENRY.

Oh! now you may pass, lady fair, on your way.

DORA BURNSIDE.

BLIND BILLY.

WE have a canary-bird in our house that we are all very fond of. We call him Billy. He is a very sweet singer; but he cannot see.

A long time ago he was in a cage with other birds; and, in a quarrel, poor Billy got his eyes pecked so badly, that he became entirely blind. The children have to take great care of him; for, if his perch is not put in the same place every time, he cannot find his food.

But I believe Billy sings more than birds that are not blind. When he hears the twitter of sparrows in the garden, or the singing of the tea-kettle on the stove, he seems to think it his duty to sing. And, when his cage hangs in a window on a sunny day in winter, he sings as though he thought summer had come.

Whenever I hear Billy sing, it makes me think of the two great poets, Homer and Milton. They were blind; but, like our Billy, they sang sweet songs. It is said that Homer had to beg for a living. Our Billy sings for a living; but he does not beg. Two kind little girls, Lena and Lu, are careful to keep his seed-cup full.

K.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

GRANDMA's birthday is to-day !
This we all have come to say,
Lest she should forget the time,
Wondering at this joyful rhyme.

Welcome, welcome, happy day !
Love shed brightness on her way !
And for her may many more
Just such birthdays be in store !

We have come with fruits and flowers,
Tokens of this love of ours ;
But our love shall flourish bright
When these flowers are faded quite.

Take them, grandma, and be sure
We are rich, though we are poor, —
Rich in love, though poor in gold :
So to greet you we make bold.

Blessings be around your way !
Love surround you every day !
Pleasant thoughts be with you still,
Gently going down the hill !

And may your example bright
Keep us always in the right !
So, " Hurrah, hurrah ! " we say :
" Grandma's birthday is to-day ! "

DORA BURNSIDE.





SOMETHING ABOUT BIG TREES.

Most of you have heard of the big trees of California. There are whole groves of them. Some of them are four hundred feet high, or nearly twice as high as Bunker-Hill Monument; and they are supposed to be more than two thousand years old.

The picture shows a section of one of the largest of these trees, which was found in Calaveras County. It took eight days to cut the tree down. The little house which you see in the background just covers its stump, and is large enough for sixteen persons to dance a quadrille in.

Until lately these trees were believed to be the highest in the world; but higher ones have been found in Australia, measuring four hundred and eighty feet.

They are very different, however, from those in Califor-

SOMETHING ABOUT BIG TREES.

nia. Some of them are called gum-trees, because a red gum runs from them; and others are called iron-bark trees, because the bark and wood are so hard, that carpenters' tools will scarcely cut them.

The leaves of the gum-trees are very large and thick, almost like leather; and are covered with little holes containing a pleasant-smelling oil, which is extracted, and sent to England and other parts of the world, where it is used both for medicine, and for making perfumes.

All these big trees are, of course, very old; but the oldest trees in the world are natives of Africa, and are called baobab or monkey-bread trees. One of them is said to be over five thousand years old. They grow very broad, but not very high, and have thick, clumsy-looking trunks.

In Australia there are some trees, relations of these baobabs, which are called bottle-trees, because their trunks grow in the shape of a bottle: another kind is called the gouty-stem tree, because the stem is swollen and gouty. There are some other curious trees that I shall tell you about another time.

J. R. J.



HARK! WHAT DOES THE SHELL SAY?



SUNRISE.

COME and see the sunrise,
Children, come and see ;
Wake from slumber early,
Wake, and come with me.
Where the high rock towers,
We will take our stand,
And behold the sunshine
Kindling all the land.

You shall hear the birdies
Sing their morning lay ;
You shall feel the freshness
Of the new-born day ;
You shall see the flowers
Opening to the beams,
Flooding all the tree-tops,
Flashing on the streams.

EMILY CARTER.



CARELESS KATIE.

CARELESS KATIE is well known in our village. "Katie," says mamma, "I hope you will be careful of those nice new shoes; for shoes are very expensive, and your father says he finds it hard to earn money."

Off goes Katie into the fields, where the dew is heavy; and seeing some boys climbing up the rocks by the side of the wood, she thinks she must climb too; and the nice new shoes are badly scratched, after having been badly wet.

"Katie, you must be careful not to soil that nice white frock," says mamma. Off goes Katie, and soon forgets the caution. Finding herself in a rough place near the grove, where the grass grows rank, and the wild flowers bloom, Katie throws herself down to rest, with her elbows on the damp soil, and her cheeks resting on her hands.

“THE NURSERY IN SCHOOL.”

Katie found herself very ill after that day's frolic. “She has been lying down at full-length on the damp grass,” said mamma to the doctor. “It is no wonder she is feverish,” said the doctor: “I have known many children to take bad colds in that way. In our climate, we ought never to sit without some protection between our bodies and the ground.”

Careless Katie was ill for three weeks, and during that time she had leisure to think over her many faults of heedlessness and neglect. She made up her mind that she would do better when she got well. I am glad to say she did not break her good resolve. Careless Katie has improved so much, that her mother tells her she now deserves to be called *Careful* Katie.

DORA BURNSIDE.



“THE NURSERY IN SCHOOL.”

I WILL tell you how I use “The Nursery” in my school. It is a primary school; and every child in the first class is supplied with a copy of the magazine. Once or twice a week, I let all the little boys and girls who have done their work well, select, each a story, and read it aloud before the school. Sometimes two or three children read a dialogue.

Sometimes I select a short story, and read it myself to the class. I read it twice through very plainly; and then all the children take their slates and pencils, and write the story down as nearly like what I read as they can do it.

We call this a “dictation exercise.” The children like it very much. You would laugh to see the funny mistakes some of them make; but you would be surprised, too, if you could see how well many of them can remember the stories, and write them down.

H. W.



GIVE ME SOME.

Mother. — No, Pussy, you can't have any of this little boy's supper. He is learning to feed himself, and he can't stop to feed you. Wait till he is done, and then you shall lick the dish.

Fred. — I will leave some for you, Pussy. Here is more than I want.



WHO IS IT ?

SURELY a step on the carpet I hear,
Some quiet mouse that is creeping so near.
Two little feet mount the rung of my chair :
True as I live, there is somebody there !
Ten lily fingers are over my eyes,
Trying to take me by sudden surprise ;
Then a voice, calling in merriest glee,
“ Who is it ? Tell me, and you may go free.”

“ Who is it ? Leave me a moment to guess.
Some one who loves me ? ” The voice answers, “ Yes.”
“ Some one who’s fairer to me than the flowers,
Brighter to me than the sunshiny hours ?
Darling, whose white little hands make me blind
Unto all things that are dark and unkind ;
Sunshine and blossoms, and diamond and pearl, —
Papa’s own dear little, sweet little girl ! ”

GEORGE COOPER.



ELLEN DESMOND.

WE live in a crowded street in a large city. The door-bell is often rung, and peddlers call to know if we will buy something. Every day a hand-organ man comes, and if we do not give him something for his music, he goes away disappointed.

So many calls are there for dimes and five-cent-pieces, that my purse often gets low, and I have to say to the people that call, "There! I haven't another cent that I can spare. You must go away."

ELLEN DESMOND.

One day a little girl called, with a basket containing many useful things, such as pencils, pens, needles, thimbles, spools of thread, buttons, and neck-ties, all nicely arranged, and cleanly kept.

With a bright, fresh smile, she said, "Can I sell you any" — But, before she could finish her question, I interrupted her with, "You are the tenth peddler that has rung this bell to-day, and it isn't dinner-time yet. I don't want any thing. You needn't call again."

I felt vexed, and spoke in haste. The little girl said, "Excuse me," with such a sweet tone of apology, and turned, with such an air of cheerfulness, to go away, that I could not help calling her back, and saying, "What is your name?"

"Ellen Desmond is my name," replied the little girl.

"Why do your parents send you about in this way? You are too young to go about as a peddler. They ought not to permit it."

"I have no parents," said little Ellen Desmond.

Those words brought tears to my eyes, and quenched all my vexation. "Come in, Ellen," said I. She came in. I questioned her closely. I learned that her father, a sailor, had been lost at sea; that her mother had died soon after; that a neighbor had taken pity on Ellen, and given her a room in her house; and that Ellen made money enough by peddling to pay for her board.

All this I found to be true; for I went to the woman's house, and she took me into the little girl's sleeping-room, and said, "There's where the dear child sits at the foot of the bed, and studies her geography; for she wants to know all about the countries which her father visited; and it would do your heart good to see the joy she takes over a book of voyages or travels."

MARY'S RIDDLE.

It was a little narrow room in a garret where Ellen slept ; but there was an air of neatness and comfort about it, and there were two pictures hung against the sloping wall.

Dear little Ellen Desmond ! I soon made her case known to some charitable ladies ; and Ellen now attends one of the best of our public schools. Last week I heard that she was at the head of the class in geography.

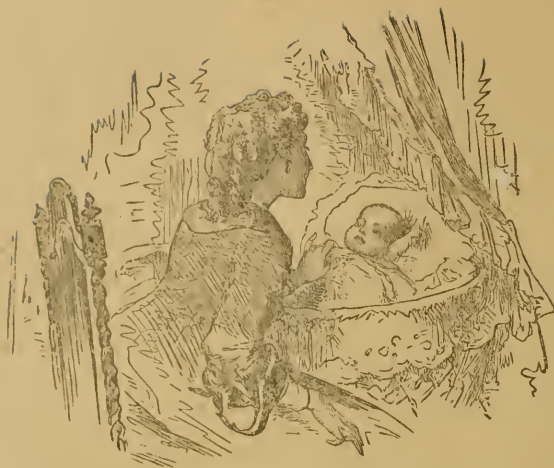
ANNA LIVINGSTON.



MARY'S RIDDLE.

HEADS brown and silvery,
Three in a bed ;
Prickly without, and within
Satin-spread :
Snugly they lie, till Jack
Frost gives a thump,
When out they all tumble,
Rattlety-bump.

M. A. C.



GUESS.

I SEE two lilies, white as snow,
That mother loves and kisses so ;
Dearer they are than gold or lands :
Guess me the lilies, — baby's hands !

I know a rosebud fairer far
Than any buds of summer are ;
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south :
Guess me the rosebud, — baby's mouth !

I've found a place where shines the sun :
Yes, long, long, after day is done ;
Oh ! how it loves to linger there :
Guess me the sunshine, — baby's hair !

There are two windows where I see
My own glad face peep out at me ;
These windows beam like June's own skies :
Guess me the riddle, — baby's eyes !

GEORGE COOPER





HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

FANNY and Jenny were two little girls:
One had straight hair, and the other had curls.
Curly-haired Jenny was fair to the sight;
While dear little Fanny, though homely, was bright.

Beautiful hair and a beautiful face
Won attention at first, as is often the case;
And Jenny was petted and praised, till she thought
She knew quite as much as a young lady ought.

So, with lessons unlearned, or excused "for this once,"
Miss Jenny grew up — a most beautiful dunce!
While dear little Fanny, so gentle and good,
Went to school every day, as all little girls should.

Now, by her behavior, so quiet and loving,
Fanny's looks, once so plain, day by day are improving;
For goodness and happiness surely are graces,
And make quite attractive the plainest of faces.

So think of this story, my dear little girls:
Be not proud of your looks,
But study your books,
Nor care if your hair hangs in braids or in curls;
For those who on beauty, not goodness, depend,
Will find that good looks very soon have an end.



MY CLOTHES-PINS.

My clothes-pins are but kitchen-folk,
Unpainted, wooden, small;
And for six days in every week
Are of no use at all.

But when a breezy Monday comes,
And all my clothes are out,
And want with every idle wind
To go and roam about.

Oh! if I had no clothes-pins then,
What would become of me,
When roving towels, mounting shirts,
I everywhere should see!

MY CLOTHES-PINS.

"I mean," a flapping sheet begins,
 "To rise and soar away."
"We mean," the clothes-pins answer back,
 "You on this line shall stay."

"Oh, let me!" pleads a handkerchief,
 "Across the garden fly."
"Not while I've power to keep you here,"
 A clothes-pin makes reply.

So, fearlessly I hear the wind
 Across the clothes-yard pass,
And shed the apple-blossoms down
 Upon the flowering grass.

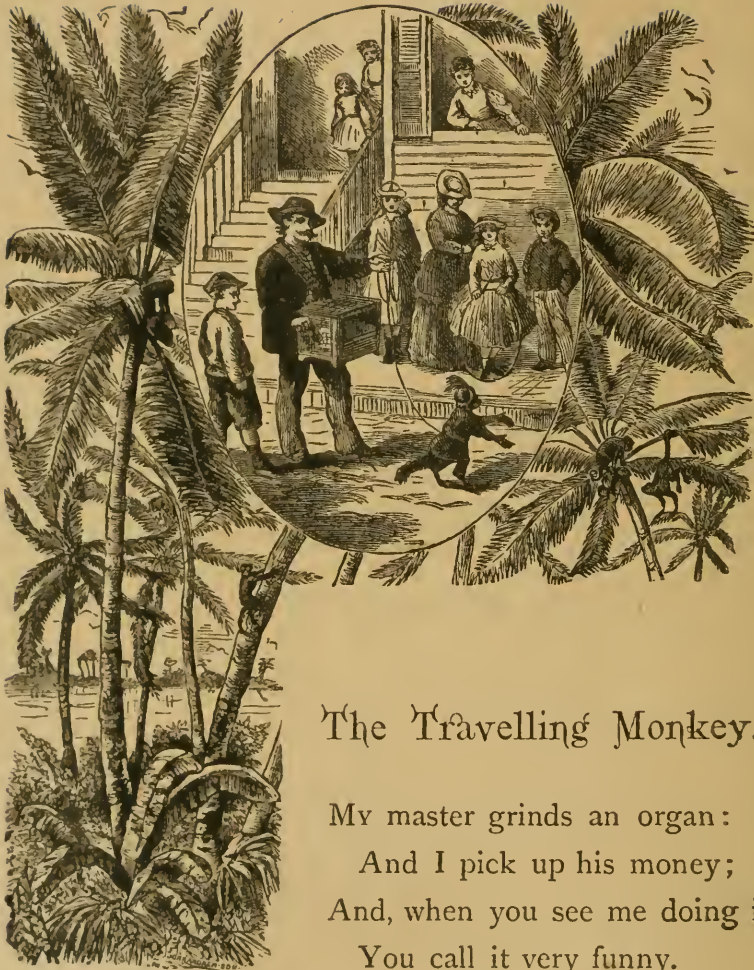
The clothes may dance upon the line,
 And flutter to and fro :
My faithful clothes-pins hold them fast,
 And will not let them go.

My clothes-pins are but kitchen-folk,
 Unpainted, wooden, small ;
And for six days in every week
 Are of no use at all.

But still, in every listening ear,
 Their praises I will tell ;
For all that they profess to do
 They do, and do it well.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





The Travelling Monkey.

My master grinds an organ :
 And I pick up his money ;
 And, when you see me doing **it**,
 You call it very funny.

But, though I dance and caper, still
 I feel at heart forlorn :
 I wish I were in monkey-land, —
 The place where I was born !

SIDNEY'S FIRST RIDE.

SIDNEY's first ride was on the back of a sheep. His brother John held the little boy on, while the sheep nibbled at the armful of grass and clover which Mary carried. There was a pretty lamb in the rear; but she would not let John put Sidney on her back.

There is a story about this good sheep, which I must tell you. The farm on which she lives is in the northern part of the State of Vermont. If you do not know where that is, you must get your mother, or your sister, or your teacher, to point it out to you on the map.

As you see the place in the picture, it all looks very pleasant; for the picture shows the place as it is in the warm summer-time, when the trees are in leaf, and the flowers are in bloom, and the ponds reflect the clear blue sky and the birds that fly over the water.

But once, when this sheep was a little lamb, it was the cold winter-time; and a great snow-storm came, and covered up the ground so deeply, that the kitchen-windows in the house which you can see in the picture were all hidden from sight. The storm had come on suddenly; and Mr. Lewis, who owned the sheep and the lambs, was away from home: so that they had not been put in the fold.

Two dear little lambs were out in a field with their mothers; and, when the snow fell thick and fast, they all huddled up against the side of a board-fence. But the wind drifted the snow over them, so that they were soon all covered up, and you could not have seen a trace of them.

When Mr. Lewis came home the next day, he asked John about the sheep and their lambs; and John told him that the last he had seen of them they were running about in the

SIDNEY'S FIRST RIDE.

five-acre lot, and, when the storm came on, he had forgotten all about them.

"Then they are covered up in the snow," said Mr. Lewis: "we must go and dig them out."—"But they will not be alive," said John. "I don't know that," replied Mr. Lewis: "I have known sheep to live several days under the snow."

So he called his good dog Wake, and they all went out into the five-acre lot; and Mr. Lewis turned to Wake, and said, "Now, old fellow, where are they? Where are Muff and Snowflake?"—for those were the names of the two little lambs.

Then old Wake pricked up his ears, and began running round over the snow, and smelling here and there. At last, he went up by the board-fence, and smelt about till he got near the corner; and then he seemed to be sure he smelt something, for he barked wildly, and began to scratch in the snow.

Mr. Lewis and John went up to the place with their shovels, and began to dig; while Wake kept scratching away with his feet as if to encourage them.

They had not dug three minutes in the snow, when Mr. Lewis cried out, "Old Wake is right! Here they are, safe and sound,—little lambs and all."

Yes, there they found them. Little Muff and little Snowflake had been kept snug and warm by their mothers, who stood over them, and prevented the snow from covering them wholly. They were all very glad to get out.

John told the story to little Sidney, and Sidney wanted John to put him on Muff's back and give him a ride; for Muff was now herself a big sheep, and strong enough to carry the little boy a long distance. She had not been harmed by being covered up a whole night in the snow when she was a lamb.

IDA FAY.



LITTLE JACK DRAKE

M.J.S. DEL.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Lively. mf

p

VOICE

AND

PIANO.

1. The fox is about, Come shut the door My darling little geese: The night has come, we must
 2. "Come little Jack Drake, come quickly in: This is no time to swim: Oh! don't stay out while the
 3. So when all the geese were fast asleep, Jack Drake rose up so light, And by the brook soon his

p

stay at home And eat our supper in peace. So no more swimming to-night, my dears, But
 fox is a- bout, So sly, so hungry and grim!" "All stuff," said Jack, I should like a swim, I'm
 way he took, To have a swim in the night; But what be-fell I am grieved to tell; He

f

keep a-way from the pond, And paddle no more by the riv-er shore Of which you are so foud,
 sure there's nothing to dread, I'll waddle back soon by the light of the moon." All this to himself he said,
 scarce had got to the shore, When swift as a thought by the fox he was caught, And Jacky return'd no more.

THE CHILD'S DELIGHT.

I HAVE a precious treasure ;
'Tis always fresh and new :
It gives me so much pleasure,
I wish you had it too.

'Tis not my waxen dolly,
That shuts her great blue eyes ;
'Tis not the silver medal,
Which was at school my prize ;

'Tis not my splendid play-house ;
Though that I like full well,
With furniture and dishes, —
Far more than I can tell :

But this is something better ;
For every month it brings
In pictures, rhymes, and stories,
All sorts of pretty things.

You'll find out on the cover
The place from which it came :
Now quickly send and get it ;
"THE NURSERY" is its name.

KATE CAMERON





GATHERING HAZEL-NUTS.

LUCY RAND is a little girl not quite eight years old. Last fall she made a visit to an aunt who lives in the country, away from any city or town. Here Lucy had a very good time. She used to write letters home to her mother; and one of these letters has been sent to "The Nursery." Here it is: —

"Such beautiful, warm, pleasant days as we have here, dear mamma! I do wish I could live in the country all the time! This morning, after breakfast, we went down to the lake, and had a nice row in a boat.

"Then, as soon as the sun had dried up the dew on the grass, we landed on the shore; and cousin Charles took me to a place in the woods, where we picked plenty of hazel-

GATHERING HAZEL-NUTS.

nuts. I held up my apron for them, and he put them in. I have saved some for you and the rest.

"The horses here are the best horses, and the cows the best cows, and the dogs the best dogs, I ever saw. Even the pigs are more polite, and much cleaner, than any pigs I ever knew. Uncle Oliver says it is not true that pigs like filth. He has their pens cleaned out every day.

"The story-books that Uncle Silas sent, were rather too young for me: so the other evening, when we had a little play for the children, Aunt Susan took the part of a good fairy with a wand and a basket of sugar-plums, and presented the books to my little cousins, John and Rosa. You should have seen their delight.

"I am learning to ride horseback. A little white pony is saddled for me every day. His name is Bob. He is very gentle, and I am not in the least afraid to get on his back. Charles leads him by the bridle; and Milo, a fine Newfoundland dog, walks by his side.

To-morrow we are going to row to an island on the lake, and eat our dinner there. The island is small; but there is a little house on it, and I am to help cook the dinner. Good-by, dear mother, and all."

LUCY.





W. ANDERSON DEL.



JULIA AND RUTH.

I.

It was vacation-time at school ; and Julia and Ruth, with their brothers Albert and Charles, and their cousin Frank, were all going to pass a week at their grandmother's.

Julia and Ruth went into their little sleeping-room to consider what things they should put into their carpet-bag to take with them.

The first important question was, how many of their dolls should they take. Julia wished to take all of hers, amounting to six. But Ruth persuaded her that the little things would be much better off at home ; and so Ruth concluded to take her eldest, Corinna ; while Julia concluded to take her youngest, Aldabella.

Then Julia and Ruth packed their carpet-bag, and put on their sacks, so as to be ready when the boys should come and say, " The carriage is at the door."

JULIA AND RUTH.



II.

“Halloo, there! Are you ready?” cried Albert at the foot of the stairs. “The carriage will be here in five minutes. We boys have put our carpet-bags out on the door-step. Shall I come up and get yours?”

“Yes, do come, Albert,” cried Ruth; “for it is almost too heavy for us to lift.”

“Do you call this heavy?” said Albert, trying to swing it over his shoulders; but he did not find it as light as he had supposed. He had to pull it along the floor, and down the stairs, into the hall.

Then Albert ran for his hat and overcoat, and, by the time he had got them, the carriage was at the door.

It was not a very long journey to grandmother’s. They arrived there just before sundown. Grandmother was very glad to see them. They had strawberries and cream on the tea-table; and after tea all the children ran out on the lawn, and had a merry game of croquet.

JULIA AND RUTH.



III.

Early the next morning, before the boys were out of bed, Julia and Ruth rose, and dressed themselves, and went out to take a walk. How beautiful every thing seemed !

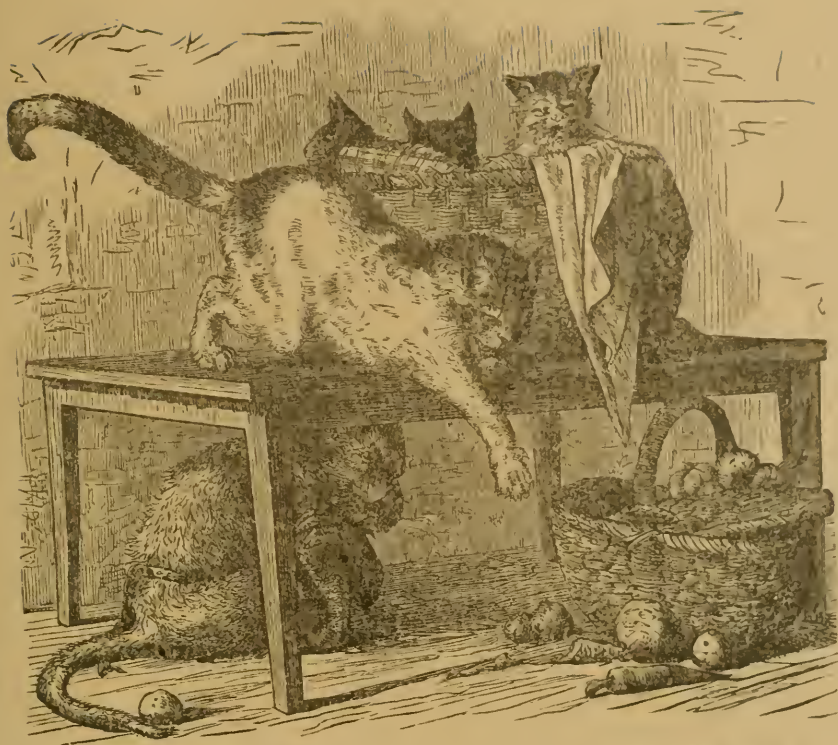
Julia and Ruth walked through the lane into a wood, where they found some wild flowers; and, as they were returning, they met a boy with a pailful of strawberries.

“How much do you ask for them?” inquired Julia.

“You may have them all for a quarter of a dollar,” said the boy.

Julia thought this very cheap: so she told him, if he would bring them to grandmother’s cottage, near by, she would pay him for them.

At the breakfast table everybody was surprised to see such a plateful of fine, fresh strawberries. Julia told no one, not even grandmother, where they came from; and Ruth kept the secret too.



WHAT THE CAT SAID TO THE MONKEY.

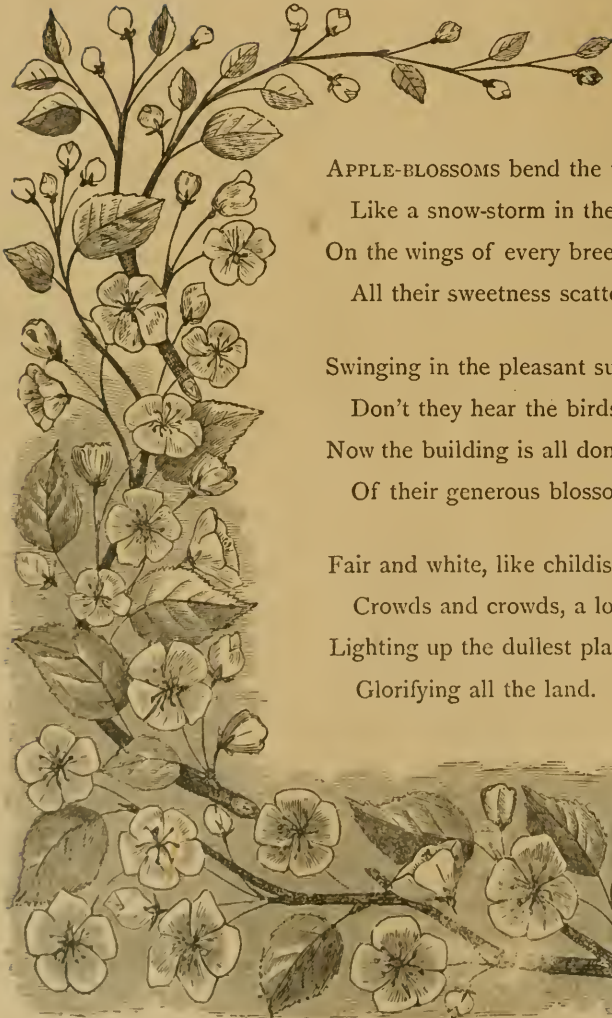
You cowardly monkey, come out if you dare !
 I'll teach you my dear little kittens to scare.
 Because I had gone a few moments away,
 You thought that to plague them was good monkey play.

But when I came back, just in season, I saw
 What was up, and I gave you a pat with my paw :
 It didn't set well, might I judge from your face.
 What ails your poor arm ? and why that grimace ?

Now, here hangs my paw ; and, if you're inclined
 To try it again, 'twill be ready, you'll find.
 And mark, Mr. Monkey, if up to your fun,
 I'll show, to your sorrow, I have more than one.

So Velvetpaw, Whitefoot, and Darkey, don't fear !
 No monkey shall harm you while mother is near.
 The rascal who plagued you has found I am rough :
 Of my paw and my claw he has had quite enough.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.



APPLE-BLOSSOMS bend the trees,
Like a snow-storm in the spring ;
On the wings of every breeze
All their sweetness scattering.

Swinging in the pleasant sun,
Don't they hear the birds that sing,
Now the building is all done,
Of their generous blossoming ?

Fair and white, like childish faces,
Crowds and crowds, a lovely band !
Lighting up the dullest places,
Glorifying all the land.

MARY N. PRESCOTT

JOHNNY'S LOST DOLLAR.

By hook and crook, and many hard knocks, such as turning the grindstone, pulling cockle out of the wheat, and taking medicine when he was sick, Johnny Brown had picked up quite a fortune, as it seemed to him when reckoned in cents, namely, *one dollar!*

Don't you think that much? You don't? Well, my dear little fellow, how much money did *you* ever *earn* and *lay up*? Johnny never had a cent given him in his life: he earned his money like a man. But I must now tell you the story of what became of Johnny's earnings.

Johnny poured his cents out of the little tin box which he used for a safe (he had no brazen frog to swallow his cents), counted them carefully, tumbled them into his trousers pocket with much unnecessary jingle, and walked into town, where he exchanged them at the bank for a gold dollar.

He could not but feel that he had made a poor trade, as he walked home through the dust and heat,—a pocketful of money for that little yellow scale of gold.

As he trudged along, every now and then he tossed his shining treasure a few feet ahead of himself in the most careless way in the world, and then, when about to step over it, would *accidentally* catch a glimpse of it, and seize it with great ado, and brush the dust off it till it shone again, and stare at it, and study the very few words on it, and throw it up and catch it, and do all sorts of queer things, as most boys do with their first money.

When Johnny had got home, he had not seen quite enough of his dollar; and so, before he showed it to his folks, he thought he would have one nice little play with it on the threshing-floor of the big barn.

So he brushed away the chaff and straw with an old broom, and cleared him a fine space for rolling his precious dollar.

Poor Johnny! The floor was just a little bit shrunken by the long drought; and, the very first roll, the dollar ended by slipping through a crack the width of a straw.

His fortune was lost! Johnny was a beggar! His heart stopped beating; the tears blinded him; his hand shook like a grandfather's.

JOHNNY'S LOST DOLLAR.



But the hardy spirit that helped him to earn the money soon braced him up to try to regain it. He fetched a crowbar, and pried up the heavy plank, and looked down into the blackness under the barn.

"Nothing but dark, dark, dark, and maybe toads and snakes and things," thought Johnny. It was plain that he must have a light.

He ran to the house in a great hurry, for fear something might swallow his dollar while he was gone. Into the pantry he went, and took a tallow candle out of the candle-box, and a few matches from the safe.

As he went out of the kitchen-door, his mother saw him, and asked what he was going to do with the candle.

Johnny very honestly told his mother all about his bad luck; and his mother shook him a little, then scolded him, and finally ended by pitying him.

Just then his father came in, and asked what ailed Johnny.

Mrs. Brown told him all about it.

JOHNNY'S LOST DOLLAR.

Mr. Brown scolded some, of course ; but he did not shake Johnny, nor pity him.

"Let's go to the barn, and see what can be done about it," he said to Johnny. "But you needn't bring that candle along : I can't have the barn burned up for a dollar !" So they went to the barn ; and both of them got down on their knees, and peered into the dark, and got hay-seed in their hair, and dust in their eyes, and cobwebs on their clothes.

"No use," said Mr. Brown : "it's gone. Come, help me put back the plank."

But, instead of helping to replace the plank, Johnny cried so loudly, that the school-teacher, who was walking down the road, heard him, and went up to the barn to see what was the matter.

"I had a dollar, — a — a — *gold* dollar ; and it's lost," Johnny told him. And Mr. Brown explained the matter, and added, that it "would not do to go down under the barn with a light, as there was so much dry litter about."

"You never studied natural philosophy, did you, Johnny?" said the schoolmaster. "Now I am going to give you a short lesson in practical optics, if you will go to the house and borrow two looking-glasses of your mother."

Johnny went on the run, and soon came back with the little looking-glass from the spare bedroom under one arm, and the cracked one from the kitchen under the other.

The schoolmaster took them from Johnny, and, going out in front of the open barn-door, leaned one of the mirrors at such an angle as to throw a dazzling beam of sunshine into the dusky barn. Securing the glass in position, he went into the barn, and, standing near the opening in the floor, he held the other glass in such a way as to catch the beam of sunlight, and throw it downward through the opening.

"Come, Johnny," he called ; "now look for your dollar !"



And Johnny came, and dropped upon his knees, and looked intently.

"Please make your sun shine a little farther the other way," Johnny said ; and the brilliant light moved slowly along.

APPLE-TIME.

"I see it! *I see it!* I SEE IT!" cried Johnny, as loud as he could bawl; and as swift as a flash, forgetting all about "toads and snakes and things," he slipped under the barn, and in a trice up popped his little brown fist with a little gleam of gold between the closed fingers, followed by a very happy face, in spite of its netting of cobwebs.

"I've got it! I've got it!" cried Johnny.

So, you see, it wasn't so bad a case, after all; and I think Johnny will want to study natural philosophy, and learn more about optics, after this.

LLOYD WYMAN.

PERRY, O.



APPLE-TIME.

SHOWER-TIME, flower-time,
Earth is new and fair;
May-time, hay-time,
Blossoms everywhere;
Nest-time, best time,
Days have longer grown;
Leaf-time, brief time,
Make it all your own;
Berry-time and cherry-time,
Songs of bird and bee:
But, of all the gay times,
Apple-time for me!

Wheat-time, sweet time
In the closing year;
Sheaf-time, leaf-time,
Now will disappear;
Ice-time, nice time
For a merry lad;
Snow-time, blow-time,
Earth is lone and sad.
Yellow ones and mellow ones
Dropping from the tree;
Rusty coats and pippins:
Apple-time for me!

GEORGE COOPER.



WHO IS TO BLAME ?

"Now, what can this mean ?
 Who is having a ride
 At this time of night,
 With his eyes open wide ?
 I left Johnny snug
 In his own little bed :
 Now see him high up
 By somebody's head !

"Come ! whom shall I punish ?
 Now, who is to blame ?"
 Cried Johnny, "Papa,
 Papa, is his name.
 He found me awake,
 And watching a star :
 So do not scold *me*,
 But scold *him*, mamma !"

EMILY CARTER

MINDING BABY.

NURSE.

Rock the cradle
Just a minute ;
Rock it gently,
Baby's in it.
If he's sleeping,
Do not wake him ;
If he rouses,
Nurse will take him.

Sing him now
Some little ditty,
Sweet and bird-like,
Low and pretty.
He will hear it
In his slumbers,
And will feel
Its soothing numbers.

Sound and sounder
He'll be sleeping
In the angels'
Holy keeping ;
For they always,
Darling Carrie,
Near to infants
Watch and tarry.

CARRIE.

Baby, baby,
Stop your play now,
And to sleep-land
Go away now.
As the bee's rocked
In the lily,
I will rock you,
Little Willy.

As the May-bough
Rocks the nest-bird,
I will rock you,
Mother's best bird.
Boys, at play there,
Hush your clatter !
Don't wake baby
With your chatter !

In the garden
Do not play now,
Go and frolic
On the hay-mow.
I am minding
Baby-brother ;
For, you see, I'm
Little mother.

GEORGE BENNETT.



MOTHER'S JOY.

THIS little baby
Is so very small,
That she can scarcely toddle,
And can't speak at all.

But she can stand a-tip-toe,
If she can't walk ;
And she can look at pictures,
If she can't talk.

Come, little baby,
Sit on mother's knee :
She shall look at a pretty book,
And then have tea.

E. C.



WHAT MOTHER SINGS.

COULD baby's love be bartered
For gold and jewels rare,
If I had countless treasures,
I'd give them all for her.
If I could have all riches
That ever men could see,
And I had not my baby,
What were it all to me?

Now, if it so should happen
That I could be a queen,
And wear a crown, and clothe me
In gold and silver sheen, —
Had I a hundred sceptres,
Bright as the noonday sun,
To have my own dear baby
I'd give them every one.

FROM THE GERMAN.



Cheerfully.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

VOICE *mf*

AND

PIANO.

1. "Oh, cherry - time is a merry time!" We children used to say—"The
2. "Oh, cherry - time is a merry time!" For hanging on the tree, All

mer - ri - est time throughout the year, For all is bright and gay." "Oh,
rud - dy and glist'ning in the sun The rich round fruit we see. Oh,

cher - ry - time is a mer - ry time." The air is fresh and sweet, And
cher - ry - time is a mer - ry time! The rob - ins thought so too, And

flowers so fair in the gar - den bloom. And daisies beneath our feet.
helped themselves to the cherries ripe, While wet with the morn - ing dew.



MY DOLLY.

HUSH, Dolly ; bye, Dolly ; sleep, Dolly dear.
See what a bed, Dolly, I've for you here !
Therefore to sleep, Dolly ! Don't fret and cry :
Lay down your head, Dolly ; shut up your eye.

When the bright morn, Dolly, once more has come,
Up gets the sun then, and goes forth to roam :
Then shall my Dolly get up from bed too ;
Then shall be playtime for me and for you.

Now go to sleep, Dolly ; good-night to you.
You must to bed, Dolly — I'm going too.
Just go to sleep without trouble or pain ;
And, in the morning, I'll come back again.

FROM THE GERMAN.





THE ONLY CHILD.

WHICH is my nicest plaything ?

I really cannot tell.

I have a china dolly ;

I have a silver bell ;

I have a box of dishes ;

I have a string of beads :

My mother often tells me

I've all a baby needs.

But *if* I had a brother

As big as Cousin Ben,

And *if* I had a sister

Like little Lily Fenn,

We'd have such times together,

'Twould drive the neighbors wild !

Oh, dear ! 'tis very lonesome

To be an only child !

KATE CAMERON.



WHAT NELLIE DID IN THE COUNTRY.

NELLIE is seven years old. She went with her mamma and little four-year-old brother to spend a few weeks in the country last summer. Cousin George, who is six years old, was there already. What grand times all these children had together!

One of their greatest delights was feeding the chickens. Such a flock of biddies as there was! Nellie had never seen so many before. Every day, as soon as dinner was over, all the bits were collected; and, when the children called "Biddy-be-did, biddy-be-did," you should have seen those chickens run from all directions, north, south, east, and west, each trying to get there first.

Then how they would scramble over and chase each other for the dainty bits! When there was nothing left on the

WHAT NELLIE DID IN THE COUNTRY.

plate, some of them would gently peck at Nellie's thumb ; but they soon found out that they couldn't eat that. Mamma liked the fun almost as well as the children ; and little Horace was always wanting " more things for the biddies," and, when told there was no more for that time, always said, " Well then, I'll give 'em some water."

Horace liked the *little* ones best ; and one funny little fellow, with a neck almost destitute of feathers, he called his little " ostrich." He wanted very much to carry his little ostrich home with him. He couldn't understand why the city would not be just as nice a place for keeping chickens as the farm-yard.

Besides the chickens, there were two old ducks. They always brought up the rear at feeding-time, for they could not run fast like the chickens. " Hurry up, old duck, or those spry little chicks will pick up all the corn before you," the children would say : but there was plenty for all ; and Mrs. Quack always got her share, though she was slow. Sometimes she would seem to say, as she came quacking along, " Try swimming, and see who'll be quickest then ! "

Nellie liked the cows, too, very much. There were four : Old Brindle, Mrs. Heifer, Old Whitie, and little two-year-old Beauty-Bright, the pet. Even shy little Horace was not afraid to pet Beauty-Bright, she was so gentle. He loved " Booty-Bright," he said. Every night, all the children ran out to see the cows milked, and thought it grand fun.

If you look at the picture, you will see the three children feeding Beauty-Bright through the gate. Mrs. Heifer is just coming in from the pasture, and Old Brindle you can just see standing in her place in the barn.

On rainy days, the barn, filled with nice sweet hay, made a nice play-place for the children ; and many a game they had there. My story would be too long, were I to tell of all

BOB WHITE.

the nice times they had together. I hope that all the readers of "The Nursery" have had as happy a summer as our Nellie, her little brother Horace, and cousin George.

FOR NELLIE.



"BOB WHITE."

FAR away from noisy town,
In his suit of speckled-brown,
Plump, and neat from toe to crown,
Have you seen Bob White ?

When we hear the sound of flails,
Who is it that blithely hails,
Seated on the zig-zag rails ? —
Who but you, Bob White ?

O'er the buckwheat, scented sweet,
Every passer-by you greet :
Are you vain, that you repeat,
Who you are, Bob White ?

How has wagged the world with you?
Have your troubles been but few?
You're dressed up, and well to do, —
This it is, Bob White.

Ah, your gentle dame I see,
With her brood of three times three !
You're a bird of family, —
Proud of that, Bob White !

Woods will soon be sear and thin,
All the buckwheat gathered in :
Where will you a dinner win
When 'tis gone, Bob White ?

When you hear the cold winds blow,
When you see the drifting snow,
Where will your wee darlings go,
And your wife, Bob White ?

Ah, we know, whate'er befall,
He, the Father of us all,
Careth for the great and small, —
Even you, Bob White !

GEORGE COOPER.

DOOLEY'S CURLS.



REN'T Dooley's curls pretty?"

That is what Susan exclaimed, as she stepped back, after adorning Dooley's black face with two elegant ringlets, selected with great care from a pile of shavings.

Johnny, with his hands full of shavings, looked up with a quiet laugh. Mr. Brown, the carpenter, stopped in his work to watch the fun.

As to Dooley herself, she was as much pleased as if the curls had come right from the shop of a fashionable hairdresser. A looking-glass was all that she wanted to complete her happiness.

How came these three children in the carpenter's shop? I will tell you. Mr. Brown lives in a pleasant town in Virginia. He is a very good-natured man, and likes to have children about him, even when he is at work. Susan is the daughter of one of his customers. Johnny is her little brother.

Susan and Johnny both have a great liking for Mr. Brown's workshop. Almost all children find great attractions in a carpenter's shop. There is something very fascinating in nice, clean shavings just thrown off from the plane. The very smell of them is agreeable.

Then, scattered about the floor, and mixed in with the shavings, there are always little nicely-planed blocks,—odds and ends of boards,—which are treasures to any child, and especially to a small boy just learning to use a jack-knife.

Now, Johnny was a small boy of that very kind; and it was the small bits of wood that he was in search of when he came that day to Mr. Brown's shop. Susan came with him,

DOOLEY'S CURLS.

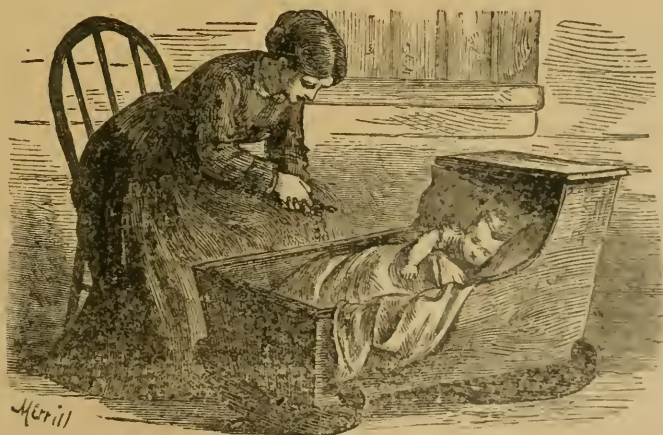
and helped him in his search ; but the shavings pleased her rather more than the blocks.

While they were thus taking in a supply of lumber, Dooley, as they called her (her real name, I suppose, is Julia), came in to ask for a basketful of shavings. "Help yourself, Dooley," said good Mr. Brown. "I'll fill your basket, Dooley," said Johnny, who liked nothing better than to handle the shavings. "And I'll give you some ringlets, Dooley," said Susan.

So saying, Susan picked out from the shavings two nice corkscrew-curls, and pinned them on Dooley's head, as you see them in the picture. It was all harmless fun ; for Dooley, rough as she is, has the good will of all who know her, and is quite a favorite with Susan and Johnny.

The picture doesn't tell it, but I happen to know that Susan, after admiring Dooley's appearance, put a fine bunch of ringlets on her own head, and exhibited herself for Dooley's amusement. Mr. Brown told me all about it.

JANE OLIVER.





PAPA'S FROLIC.

FATHER is a soldier,
In a coat of red :
He takes me, and throws me
Right above his head.

Down upon the green grass,
Up above his cap ;
Now he throws me, like a ball,
Into mother's lap.

Do it again, papa !
High as you can :
I'd be a soldier
If I were a man.



“GOOD-NIGHT.”

AUNT ANNA has taken Harry in her arms, and brought him into the parlor to say “good-night” to all the company; for Harry has had a lively day of it, and feels tired.

First of all, soon after breakfast, he went to the pond with Uncle Charles, who put him in his little boat, and rowed to a little island, where they found some raspberries growing among the rocks. Some tame ducks came up from the water; and Harry fed them with bits of bread, which they seemed to like very much.

Then, uncle Charles picked up a shingle from the beach, and with his knife made it into a little boat, with masts and

"GOOD-NIGHT."

sails made of paper. Harry launched it on the water, but a breeze soon took it out of his reach, and then Harry threw stones at it.

After that, Harry saw some boys on the shore, who were flying a kite. He thought he would like to go and hold it. So Uncle Charles lifted him into the little boat, put the oars in place, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed, till they came to the shore.

Here, being put out on dry land, Harry asked the boys to let him hold the kite. They told him that it pulled hard on the string. But he thought he was quite strong. No sooner had he taken the string, however, than he let it go; and the kite flew, and flew, and flew, till it was blown against a tree, where it lodged, and the boys ran to get it.

"Well, Harry, what mischief shall we be at now?" asked Uncle Charles. Harry held up his little fist, then put it to his nose as if he were smelling a bouquet. "Oh! that means you want to go to the garden, does it?" said Uncle Charles.

Harry showed by his delight that such was his wish: so, with a few strokes of the oar, the boat was sent gliding up to the steps that led to the garden. In a moment, Harry was in the midst of a bed of lilies, where he plucked some of Aunt Anna's choicest flowers; but Aunt Anna did not scold him for it.

I cannot tell you of all that Harry did during the rest of the day, — how he rode the Shetland pony, and helped to gather the pears, and to feed the pigs, and drive the cows into the barn. Is it any wonder he is sleepy now that night has come? "Good-night, little Harry!" says grandma. "Good-night, little sunbeam!" says Uncle Charles. "Good-night, good-night!" cry all the cousins. You may be sure that Harry did not lie awake long after his curly head touched the pillow.

AUNT ANNA.



HENRY'S PRAYER.

HELP me, O Father! while I pray ;
Help me to love thee and obey ;
Help me to seek and find thy truth ;
Pure and unspotted keep my youth.

Parents and friends and kindred bless,
And keep us in thy righteousness ;
And may we, in the life to be,
Learn more of truth, and more of thee!

IDA FAY.

COASTING DOWN THE HILL.

FROSTY is the morning ;
But the sun is bright,
Flooding all the landscape
With its golden light.
Hark the sounds of laughter
And of voices shrill !
See the happy children
Coasting down the hill !

There are Tom and Charley,
And their sister Nell ;
There are John and Willy,
Kate and Isabel, —
Eyes with pleasure beaming,
Cheeks with health aglow :
Bless the merry children
Trudging through the snow !

Now I hear them shouting,
“ Ready ! clear the track ! ”
Down the slope they're rushing ;
Now they're toiling back.
Full of fun and frolic,
Thus they come and go,
Coasting down the hillside,
Trudging through the snow.



THE SNOW-STORM.

I HAVE a little nephew who lives on a farm far out on one of the prairies of Iowa. His name is Bertie. He does not take "The Nursery;" but sometimes my little girl sends him hers, after she has heard them read three or four times, and learned the stories almost by heart.

One bright morning last January, Bertie started for school across the prairie with his dinner-pail on his arm. Before he went, however, his mother, who knew how dangerous Iowa snow-storms sometimes are, charged him not to come home if it should storm, but to wait at the school-house for his father to come after him.

Bertie, who is a bright little scholar, studied his lessons hard till noon. Then he ate his dinner, and had a good play with the boys till the teacher rapped on the window as a signal for school to begin again.

THE SNOW-STORM.

All this time the sun had been shining brightly, and a soft south-west wind had been blowing. But, shortly after the school was called in, a black cloud arose in the west, which kept spreading over the sky till the sun was quite shut out. At the same time the wind began to blow, and the snow to fall.

The storm and cold increased rapidly. In less than an hour the wind was so high that it shook the schoolhouse; and the air was so full of snow, that one could hardly see through it. At four o'clock, when the school was dismissed, the storm was still raging with great fury; and the teacher told the children that they must all stay where they were, as it was not safe to venture out of doors.

As night came on, it stormed harder than ever. The children were greatly alarmed. To add to their fears, the coal was nearly all burned up. The teacher was about to use the desks for fuel, when a man, who had gone in the morning to the nearest railroad town for a new supply of coal, returned. It had taken him five hours to come over the last five miles. He was nearly frozen; but, after he got warm, he told the children that they must all go with him to his house, which was not far distant, and stay over night. They were all very glad to get away from the schoolhouse, and go where they could get something to eat.

The storm continued for three days; but on the afternoon of the next day, during a lull, Bertie's father came for him, and took him home. They had to go through some deep snow-drifts, and, if Bertie had been alone, I don't know what he would have done; but he clung to his father's hand, and got along bravely. He was very glad to get safe home again; and he will now study his lessons at home till the warm summer weather comes.



THE STRAY KITTEN.

MILLIE is a tender-hearted little girl. She is very kind to all dumb animals. She has a very wise cat, named Pinky, of which she makes a great pet. She and her brother George often amuse themselves by teaching Pinky new tricks.

One cold day Millie came home with a little black kitten in her arms. "See here, mamma!" said she: "I found this poor little kitty out in the street. What shall I do with it?" — "Give it some warm milk," said mamma. So Millie got the milk, and gave it to the kitten.

The poor little thing lapped the milk as though it was nearly famished. Then Millie made a bed for it near the stove, and sat down to watch it.

Mamma looked on with a smile. She knew what Millie

THE STRAY KITTEN.

would say next. "Mamma, don't you think I had better *keep* this kitten?" — "Well," said mamma, "if you can find some one to take Pinky, you may keep this one." — "Oh, no!" cried Millie: "I cannot give Pinky away." — "But you know that papa does not want *two* cats in the house," said mamma. "Let it stay here to-night, and I will try to find a place for it to-morrow."

So the kitten slept in a nice warm bed that night. The next morning, just after breakfast, who should come in but Aunt Mary? When she saw the kitten, she exclaimed, "O Millie! I know a lady who wants a black kitten, and this will be the very thing for her. Will you give it to me?" — "Yes," said Millie; though it was hard for her to part with such a treasure. And her Aunt Mary put the kitty in a basket, and carried it away.

Millie sat quite still for a time. Then she said, "Mamma, when I grow up, I'm going to have a Little Wanderers' Home for stray kittens. Don't you think that will be a nice plan?" — "Excellent," said mamma, laughing.

G. F. L.





DINNER-TIME.

DIN, din, din !
We're ready to begin :
We're so hungry that we can't wait.

Oh, what a clatter
Of spoon and of platter !
What's Mary doing, she's so late ?

Drum, drum, drum !
Now she has come.
Look at naughty Ned with his plate upon his head.

Din, din, din !
Now we'll begin.
Mary brings the soup, and father cuts the bread.

